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A RECORD OF ART-PROGRESS IN AMERICA.

E. H. TRAFTON, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,

39 PARK ROW, NEW YORK;

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\* \* \* Brief articles, carefully prepared, that say something upon topics that come within the province of THE ART REVIEW, will be welcome from any source. Hints, suggestions and inquiries, that afford opportunities for investigation and thought, and practical ideas that may assist in the work of developing and cultivating the public taste, are especially desirable.

\* \* \* THE ART REVIEW will be furnished to Literary and Educational Institutions, and to Clergymen, for One Dollar a year.

\* \* \* All matters relating to the Editorial department, and all exchanges, should be directed to the office at Chicago.

\* \* \* Rejected manuscripts will be returned when the necessary stamps are provided for that purpose.

\* \* \* All communications will receive prompt attention.

JANUARY, 1871.

THIS number of THE ART REVIEW will reach many who have never seen it before. It will only cost \$1.50 to receive it for the entire year; and the aggregate amount of a single subscription from each of those who read this notice, would enable the Publisher to fully carry out the many liberal things devised for the future of his magazine. The holiday season will also suggest the appropriateness of forwarding the subscription price for a friend, or two, to whom THE ART REVIEW would prove a most welcome and valuable present.

## THE PRESENT AND THE POSSIBLE.

WITH a cheery welcome, honest and heartfelt, as befits the season, THE ART REVIEW gives its many friends greeting. Good old Eighteen Hundred and Seventy—we write it lingeringly and lovingly—has smiled upon much real progress in our nation's growth towards its proper attainment of better things in what may be termed true living. Art has never seen a better year in America than that which closes December 31st. What we believe to be a genuine awakening to our needs and to our possibilities, has really begun. Opportunities for a better class of instruction in the technicalities of Art, in institutions specially devoted to this purpose, have been effected; plans for the education of the growing generation in this department have been inaugurated, which can only result in good; the formation of Art Museums for the benefit of those who wish to be benefited, and for the pleasure of all, are under advisement by men who will not let the subject rest short of fulfillment; the press everywhere is responding to the call for more information upon current and general Art topics; and the people at large are becoming more and more alive to the fact that to be truly "practical" in any honorable vocation or profession, we must possess a practical knowledge of Art, in at least some one of its manifold relations and bearings.

What has been done, however, merely hints at what is yet to be accomplished. We are awakening, we say, from the days of apathy; the bliss of complete ignorance cannot be ours; it only remains for us to move onward, and we hope and believe that the New Year will be one of stronger, better organized, more effective effort; that during its twelve months a grand stride shall be made towards the time, hoped for by the many and already believed possible by the few, when America shall embody and exemplify in perfected grandeur, all that life may contain of "the good, the true, and the beautiful."

## "UNDER THE DAISIES."

We take pleasure in presenting our readers with the picture bearing this name, which tells its own simple story with exquisite pathos and effect. It is the work of Mr. True Williams, who as a designer has few equals in America. In this present instance he has succeeded most admirably in favoring us with a subject possessing perfect naturalness of conception combined with an unusually artistic handling. The picture, which is really a poem of itself, so well illustrates a little fugitive bit of versification that originally appeared in some Brooklyn paper—we are sorry that we cannot credit the writer—that we reproduce it here, thanks to the excellent memory of a friend:

I have just been learning the lesson of life  
The sweet, sad lesson of loving,  
And all that it teaches for pleasure or pain,  
Been sadly, slowly proving.  
And all that is left of the glittering dream  
And its thousand brilliant phases  
Is a handful of dust and a coffin lid—  
A coffin under the daisies.

And so I am glad that we lived as we did  
Through the summer of life together,  
And that one of us tired and lay down to rest  
E'er the coming of winter weather.  
For the, sadness in love is its growing cold,  
Yet 'tis one of its surest phases.  
So, I thank my God with a breaking heart  
For the coffin under the daisies.

And thus forever throughout the world  
Is love a sorrow proving,  
There are many sorrowful things in life,  
But the saddest of all is loving.  
Life often divides far wider than death,  
And fortune a strong wall raises,  
But better far that two hearts estranged,  
Is a coffin under the daisies."

## THE MUSICAL SEASON IN CHICAGO.

THE fact that Chicago was selected as the place wherein the operatic season of 1870-71 should be opened, is an item of evidence that the West is really growing in its appreciation of Art. It is not many years ago that a venture of this kind would have had anything but a creditable result. Now the story is far different. Appreciation of the musical phase of Art has been spreading so widely, that it is to no one a matter of surprise that the initial English opera season, though changed from the East to the West, proved thoroughly successful.

It is not important here to enter upon any discussion of the question as to the position of English opera in the scale of musical art. It is not claimed as the highest point, yet is it at least near enough to the summit to be one of the "stepping stones to higher things." It is gradually assuming more importance every year, and this by means of the admirable troupes which are illustrating its beauties. The new troupe this year is composed of the best material of the two troupes that were in existence last season, excepting only Madame Rosa. Mrs. Richings-Bernard takes the place occupied by that remarkable singer, and, although it is a difficult position to fill, she succeeds in giving great satisfaction. She has untiring energy, is an actress of unusual ease and grace—for she has been familiar with the stage these many years—and her voice is gifted with many good qualities.

The cordiality shown by the audiences of the late season to Mrs. Bernard, was also bestowed, in a large measure, upon Mrs. Seguin. Miss Hersee, Mr. Castle, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Laurence and Mr. Drayton. Mr. and Mrs. Bowler and Mr. Seguin had their admirers too, but the number of these was not large. Briefly, the operas given in the two weeks extending from October 3d to 10th, were the "Trovatore," "Maritana," "Crown Diamonds," "Fra Diavolo," "Huguenots," "Bohemian Girl," "Martha," "Faust," "Traviata," "Marriage of Figaro," "Lurline," "Postillion of Loujain," and "Rose of Castile." Wallace's "Lurline" was the single novelty in the list, and this, although not smoothly given, was received with considerable favor. It contains the best writing that the composer ever did, much of the score being very artistic. The "Huguenots" attracted the largest attention of the public, and was given two nights to full houses. This difficult opera was astonishingly well done, all things considered, and Mr. Drayton's "Marcel" was heartily admired on all sides. The chorus of the troupe was only fair, the voices being scarcely so well selected as last year, and the orchestra had good material in it, but stood in urgent

need of more rehearsals. Mr. Behrens, the conductor, had more than he could do to bring order out of chaos on many occasions. By the time of the next visit better things may be expected of this element in the organization. Too much care cannot be expended by the managers on the instrumental work, for people in the West are now beginning to learn the difference between good and bad orchestral playing. Theodore Thomas, with his superb band of players, is putting many a new idea about music into people's heads, and the memories of his splendid concerts will form a standard by which all other orchestras will be judged. It is not needful to write columns of praise for such music as he gave. Every one treasures the remembrance of its beauty as a perpetual joy. Miss Mehlig, the pianist of these concerts, was a model in refined, delicate and intelligent playing. Her interpretation of classical authors, old and new, was artistic in the true meaning of the term. Her success was complete, and this was remarkable, in that she did not, in a single selection, swerve from what are regarded as the severest piano compositions.

Mr. Thomas was fully repaid for the failure of his concerts last year, and has now established his name so firmly that in the future he will have nothing to complain of in the West.

Among the pleasant events of the season were the two repetitions of Mozart's "Magic Flute," by the Concordia Männerchor. These were equally as fine as those of last spring, and gave renewed delight to the lovers of Mozart's pure musical thoughts. Mrs. Huck's charming personation of *Pamina* was as admirable as before, and Mr. Foltz, Mr. Bischoff, and Mr. Hoffman lost none of their excellence. The choruses by the Society were unexceptionable, and the orchestra, under Mr. Groscurth's careful leadership, was almost above reproach. It may be added that the proceeds of the brief season were devoted to the aid of the German wounded in the Franco-Prussian war.

Two of America's most gifted song-birds have paid brief visits to the city, with troupes organized and managed by themselves. Miss Kellogg was the first in the field, with Wohl, the pianist, as her right—or perhaps more properly left, hand man. The fair cantatrice was never in better voice than at this visit, and gave much pleasure to those who heard her, although these last were by no means so numerous as they should have been.

Miss Phillips soon followed Miss Kellogg, and met with about the same fortune, so far as audiences were concerned. Her singing fully sustained her reputation as the greatest of living contraltos, and was in every sense satisfying. Those who heard her interpretation, at the Unity Church concert, of Mr. Costa's beautiful song, "I dreamt that I was in Heaven," are unanimous in pronouncing it one of the most artistic and impressive efforts that has ever been heard in the city. Levy, the skillful cornet player, was an especial attraction at the Phillips concerts, while Mr. Groscurth's excellent orchestra furnished a delightfully harmonious background to the more prominent features.

The establishment here of a new Conservatory of Music is a fact that needs to be stated in the history of the season. Florence Ziegfeld, the popular teacher, and William A. Root, are associated in the laudable enterprise. The names of Groscurth, Richter and Falk, in the list of teachers, indicate the substantial character of the teaching that the institution affords. Success should come to their efforts, for they turn the steps of their pupils into the true musical paths.

It is somewhat surprising to notice how inadequate an idea of the vitality and progressiveness of Art is possessed by many people; and, for instance, those individuals who have been fearful that Chicago could not properly sustain two good galleries devoted to the exhibition of paintings and other art works. The result will be, not rivalry, we trust and believe, but worthy emulation in a noble cause; and time will prove us true in predicting that both the Opera House Gallery—pioneer of public art enterprise in Chicago—and the elegant new gallery of the Academy of Design, will each have double the number of friends and frequenters that the former has ever had in the past. No live city, no American town, possessing the real elements of growth and prosperity can have too many such institutions as these, if founded upon a proper basis, and conducted in the interest of Art.



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"Under the Daisies"

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